YPSILANTI SENTINEL.

E PLURIBUS UNUM

OUR LIBERTY AND HAPPINESS AS A NATION ARE IN OUR OWN KEEPING, IF THEY ARE EVER SACRIFICED IT WILL BE ON THE ALTAR OF PARTY SPIRIT, AT THE INSTANCE OF DESIGNING AMBITION AND BY OUR OWN HANDS.

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POETRY.

AN INDIAN'S REPLY.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN.

Blaze! with your serried columns,
I will not bend the knee!
The shackle ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free:
I've mai.'d it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low;
And when it falls ye well may dread
The lightnings of its blow.

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scoff'd ye on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain.
I scorn your proffer'd treaty,
The pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And "blood!" my battle cry.

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall:
I love among the wounded
To hear the dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trail'd me through the forest,
Ye've track'd me o'er the stream,
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam,
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye—come not here,

Think ye, to find my homestead?
I gave it to the fire:
My towering household do you seek?
I am a childless sire.
But should ye crave life's nourishment,
Enough I have and good;
I live on hate, it is all bread,
Yet light is not my food.

I loathe ye with my bosom—
I scorn ye with mine eye—
I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die,
I ne'er will ask for quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave,
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave.

From my Port Folio.

A CHAMBER SCENE.

She rose from her untroubled sleep,
And put aside her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together press'd,
Her blue eye sheltered in its lid—
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose fall upon the earth did press
Just like a snow flake, soft and mute;
And there, from slumber soft and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She bowed her light and graceful form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls unsoiled as these,
Need daily mercy at thy throne—
If she, upon her bended knees,
Our loveliest and our purest one—
She, with a face so pure and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day, in her first years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far, far deeper need have we?
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven.

QUEER SIMILE.—That eccentric mortal Lord Timothy Dexter said many curious things, but his idea of ingratitude is the richest thing of the kind we ever met with. 'Hang that fellow,' said his Lordship one day, while speaking of a neighbor whom he had befriended without being thanked; "he is like a hog under a tree, eating acorns, but never thinks of looking up to see where they come from.'

The above is taken from the New York Journal of Commerce. Lord Dexter said many cute things, and was a living proof of the adage, "A fool for luck"—yet he was not the author of this simile. It belongs to Archbishop Leighton, who used it in a discourse published before Dexter's time. Some wag once told Lord Timothy that there were no warming-pans in the West Indies—he despatched a load and they were sold at a great price for molasses scoops. At another time, hearing that (ship) *stays* were in great demand, he bought up all the whalebone in the country, (confounding the article used by the ladies with the rigging of a ship) thereby causing such an inquiry for the article, that he realized an immense profit by his speculation.

NANCY'S HILL.

A few miles below the Notch of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire, now celebrated by the painter and the poet, in the bosom of the valley through which the Saco winds, rises a little eminence. which was pointed out to me as Nancy's Hill. Nash was a celebrated hunter; the storms of winter, terrible as they were amid the desert of mountains which was his home, and the tempests of the sultry summer, equally terrible and more appaling, were alike indifferent to him. In one of his numerous excursions, he did more for the benefit of the country than all the philosophers before or since his time—for he first explored the wonderful passage, which opened an easy intercourse between the inhabitants east and west of the Gap. Yet he wrote no book on the subject, and never claimed the honor of the discovery. Many people thought he loved hunting merely for the hardships he encountered; for he never grew rich, and often gave away what he had gained by weeks of toil: but he had only himself to provide for, and without a wife or children, and with no object of peculiar interest to engage his attention, he cared little whether he spent the night on the highest peak of Mount Washington, or in one of the valleys, seven or eight thousand feet below it. There was nobody to be anxious about him, or to count the live long hours while he was away. and he often boasted that his home was *every where*.

But this could not last always—for Nash was yet but a stripling, and it was not surprising that among his wanderings he should find a girl pretty enough to think it were well for a *hunter to have a home*. He told strange stories to Nancy, (for that was her name,) of what dreadful precipices he had scaled, what chasms he had leaped, what fierce and blood thirsty animals he had encountered, and she listened, till, like Desdemona, she lost her heart.

She was the gentlest of human beings, and though only a domestic, had a heart as tender, and a complexion as fair, as any *born* gentlewoman. It almost overwhelmed her to think of the hardships poor Nash endured, while she enjoyed the comforts of an old fashioned kitchen corner, with a forest of logs blazing in the chimney, and the privilege of sitting at the table with the conscientious Puritan family, who would have thought it a sin to make a difference on earth, when the Supreme Being made none in heaven. It is not wonderful that when Nash proposed marrying Nancy, and promised to run no more "hair breath 'scapes," she should listen to him and consent to become his lawful wife. But it was necessary that he should make another hunting excursion before they were married—he said he must go once more through his favorite gap of the mountains, and bring back subsistence for the winter. It was in vain that Nancy assured him she would want nothing. Nash knew better, and after many a kind embrace set off, promising to be back in a very short time.—Nancy's idea of time and his did not agree—weeks passed away, and the winter came on with its usual threatening aspect—at length she heard accidentally, that the hunter was about forty miles distant. The strange idea entered her head to go to him—it was wonderful that such a timid, gentle being should have thought of such a thing—but she knew that next to herself, Nash loved the chase, and she feared that perhaps he might content himself with hunting bears and wolves all winter. The family tried hard to dissuade her from the wild scheme, but she determined to go—and as poor Nancy belonged to nobody, nobody had a right to control her. She wrapped herself in her cloak, and set off to follow her lover through the gap.

The snow was already deep, and there was not a house for many a long mile. Storm after storm came on—the family with which she had lived became anxious about her; they said, "it was distraction in her to go; it was tempting of Providence, and she must take the consequence." In the mean time, Nash was unusually successful, and began his course homeward, laden with riches. It was just one week after Nancy's departure that he reached the little hill before mentioned. It was late at night; the whole earth was covered with crusty snow—you might walk on the hill tops without making any impression. The trees were hung with icicles, and glittered in the monlight like diamonds. Nash ascended the little hill, when he came into the valley through which the Saco runs—he loved such scenes and such evenings; he thought of Nancy, and wished she was there—he knew he could wrap her in his large moose skin and keep her warm. He was not apt to be imaginative, and yet all at once he thought he perceived his mistress standing opposite to him and leaning her head against a tree. He strained his eye-balls to look at the object. "Moonlight," said he, "makes strange work of things—my head is always full of her," and he looked another way—but when he turned she still stood there. He approached nearer; the moon never shone brighter, and not an object intercepted its beams—they fell upon the pale unearthly countenance of the maiden—her eyes were closed as if asleep—he took her hand; it was cold, and hard like marble. Weary and benumbed, she had reclined against the tree—it was sweet to rest there and dream of her lover! She slept, and awoke no more! Her form was slightly inclined forward, and the glittering branches bent over her, and her winding sheet was a robe of ice! Such is the tradition of Nancy's Hill.

From the London Observer.

LORD BYRON.

The fierce and sullen spirit that characterized Lord Byron's pen, was death to all the graceful conceptions under which poetry had won our worship so long. She was no more in the lovely and fantastic youth of the muse of the "Last Minstrel," nor in the full and fine proportioned beauty of the riper time that followed. When Byron threw open the valves of the temple, she was the Pythia on the tripod, haggard and wild, with her youth stricken into premature age, and with the words of fate and scorn burning on the lips of a being made at once proud and miserable by the conscious inspiration.

The style became instantly popular for it told of wrong—a tale in which every judge of his own cause feels sudden sympathy; it exaggerated the delights of that life of adventure, for which all men have a lurking fondness; it talked with rapture of the power of beauty, and with enthusiasm of the resistless empire of passion: all popular with the multitude. It harrangued loftily on the glories of holding human opinion in contempt, and of following the impulse of that contempt through all hazards; of fame, as a prize to be sought through good and evil; and of enjoyment, as to be cheaply purchased, by trampling down the irksome duties of common life; of crime, as finding, not simply its palliative, but its authority, in intellectual pre-eminence. and of that pre-eminence, as finding its native distinction in the magnitude, boldness, and firmness of its tread into that world of darkness, where Crime and Confusion sit twin despots on the same gory throne.—Doctrines like those must find partisans in the common corruption and insolence of spirit that make so large a portion of living society; even if they were transmitted from the lips of children.

But Byron uttered them with the power of a true poet. The sternest vigor of language was condensed into his words; the richest and sometimes the most touching illustrations diversified the gulled fervour of his poetry; and, like the story of the hearers of the Athenian Orator. who were awed at a distance by the majesty of his legislature; nearer still, charmed by the melody of his voice; and nearer still, subdued by the force of his language; the great poet had grasp and captivation for all.

But he procured no followers; his dynasty was cut off with himself: and this, for the obvious reasons, that his power was urged to its extreme. He went to the farthest limits at which scorn, spleen, and the reading open of private sufferings and sensibilities, could be tolerated. In him they were endured for the sake of their presumed reality; yet even in him they had begun to be tiresome. But in another, had that other possessed Lord Byron's faculty of verse, or a higher faculty still, the same strain of continual querulousness would have been burlesque, and the tragedy must have closed in laughter. The rejection of society, or by society; the sickly and bilious frame; the domestic quarrel; the insults given and received in an unlucky connexion with an alienated and strangely unconciliating kindred, were essential to Lord Byron's authorship—were the living stimulants of his mental epicurism. They were more, they were its only food. Like the Theriaki of Constantinople he lived solely upon doses, of which the slightest would have extinguished the career of others. He diversified surcharges of opium by surcharges of corrosive sublimate. And, like the Theriaki, his life was a dream, and that dream alternately of the magnificent and the miserable—a vision of Paradise, and of sorrow unassuaged, remorseless exile, and consuming flame. But while the popularity of this style remained alive upon the public mind, none other could be attempted with a prospect of success. The human heart loves tragedy. The English are eminently fond of deep and fierce emotion: and after having "supped full of horrors" with the noble bard they could not easily turn to the lighter banquet. But who could be in a condition to follow the career in which this man of misfortune and fame had so long rode at the head of English poetry? —or in what writer, however furnished with domestic evils, could the same compound of ill luck be gathered once more, with any tolerable credibility? Thus sunk into its long sleep the poetry of England. The attempts since made to awake it, have been made chiefily by female writers, some of whom have done the female genius honor, by the grace and purity of their pens. But after all, poetry is a masculine art, and is made for something more than the celebration of the birth of the "first rose," or the death of the "last leaf." It is a stately and superb thing, like nature itself; and rejoices in the display of great powers on a great scale.—It may not be without its pleasure in the minor beauties of the glorious landscape that lies within the range of its vision: it can enjoy the coloring of flowers and the song of birds; but its true elevation is in the grandeur features and powers; in the moral storm; in the developement of those awful materials of good and ill, which lie hidden in clouds and darkness until the appointed hour; in the discovery of the mighty influences by which the whole moral atmosphere is loaded with sudden gloom chased away by newborn, and scarcely less awful splendor.

THE LOVER.

We hold that every man acts with awkwardness when he is in love, and the want of the one is a presumption of the want of the other. When people are fairly engaged, there is perhaps less of this directly to the object; but there is still as much of it in her presence; but it is wonderful how soon the most nervous become easy when marriage has concluded all their hopes. Delicate girl! just budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart for the last ten minutes, has been trembling behind the snowy wall of thy fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at a tall and much bewhiskered young man for the *mauvaise honte* with which he hands to thee thy cup of half watered souchong? Laugh not at him again, for he will be thy husband. Yes! he will tremble for a few months more as he stands beside thy music stool, and joins no other in the heartless mockery of their praise; but when every voice that has commended thy song is hushed, and every note which thou hast clothed in etherial music is forgotten by all besides, to him it will be a theme to dream upon in his loneliness, and every look which thine eye vouchsafed to him, will be laid up as a sacred and a holy thing in the inmost sanctuary of his secret soul. Thou wilt see in a short time that the tremulousness of his nerves is only observable when his tongue is faultering in its address to thee; pity will enter into thy gentle heart, and thyself wilt sometimes turn the wrong page of thy book of songs, and strike the wrong note on thy double grand piano, when thou knowest that his ears are drinking in thy voice, and his eyes following thy minutest action. Then will he on some calm evening when the sun is slowly sinking behind the large lime-trees which shake their ripened beauties before thy windows, tell thee, that without thee, he must indeed be miserable—that thou art the one sole light which has glowed and glittered upon "life's dull dream;" and then—how bitterly wilt thou repent that thou hast ridiculed the awkwardness which only thine own charms have caused! In a few months more, we see with perspective clearness, thou art sitting at the same piano, in a newly furnished room, snuffing thy candles every now and then thyself, and turning with thy own hands the leaves of the National Melodies, while he—O, he! is stretched along one of Mr. Trotter's finest Ottomans, fast asleep!

Love when it is successful, is well enough, and perhaps, it has treasures of its own to compensate for its inconveniencies; but a more miserable situation than that of an unhappy individual before the altar, it is not in the heart of man to conceive. First of all you are marched with a solitary male companion up the long aisle, which, on the occasion appears absolutely interminable; then you meet your future partner, dressed out in satin and white ribbons, whom you are sure to meet in gingham gowns or calico prints, every morning of your life, ever after. There she is, supported by her old father, decked out in his old brown coat, with a wig of the same color, beautifully relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears; and the mother puffed up like an overgrown bolster, encouraging the trembling girl, and joining her maiden aunts of full fifty years, in telling her to take courage, for it is what they must all come to. Bride's maids and all mutual friends made up the company; you assent to every thing the curate, or if you are rich enough, the rector, or even the dean, may say, shewing your knock-knees in the naked deformity of white kerseymere to an admiring bevy of the servants of both families laughing and tittering from the squire's low pew in the gallery. Then the parting! the mother's injunction to the juvenile bride to guard herself from the cold, and to write within the week. The maiden aunt's inquiries, of "My dear have you forgot any thing?" —the shaking of hands; the wiping and winking of eyes! By Hercules!—there is but one situation more unpleasant *in* this world, and that is bidding adieu to your friends the ordinary and jailor, preparatory to swinging from the end of a halter *out* of it. The lady all this time seems not half so awkward. She has her gown to keep from creasing, her vinaigrette to play with, besides that, all her nervousness is interesting and feminine, and is laid to the score of delicacy and reserve.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

The following incident, which occurred in the life of the violinist Wallace, is related in the Boston Journal of Thursday:

A few years since, while in India, a friend related to me a miraculous escape of one of his friends in a tiger hunt. As the hero of the anventure is now in Boston, where he has gained great celebrity as a musical artiste, as well for his quiet demeanor and gentlemanly deportment, it may not be uninteresting to relate it.

Early in the year of 1836, a large party formed in Upper India, on the West bank of the Ganges, about seventeen hundred miles above Calcutta, to hunt tigers which abounded in that vicinity.

The party consisted of about three hundred persons, Europeans and natives, some mounted on elephants and some on horses. Among the latter was a young man who had acquired great celebrity throughout India as a pistol shot, as well as for coolness, courage and presence of mind in the hour of danger, to which Europeans who reside in those remote settlements are constantly exposed.

The party had past most of the morning in shooting small game, without any indication being given of the proximity of the ferocious beast they were in search of. Suddenly, as they approached a jungle, one of the elephants shewing signs of alarm and gave notice of the vicinity of a tiger. The party who were on the elephant observing the bushes to move, fired among them, in hopes of wounding the animal. The young hero of the adventure was at the time within a few yards of the jungle, endeavoring to quiet his restive horse which was much frightened. His gun hung carelessly on the pummel of the saddle, when the jungle opened at his side and an enormous tiger sprang upon the horse, lacerating his shoulder and taking out some of the horse's ribs and entrails as they rolled to the ground; the gun was thrown to the distince of several feet, and the gentleman was for a moment stunned by the fall.

Recovering his consciousness and presence of mind in a moment, he drew a pistol from his belt, and observing the tiger which had been carried by impetuous bound, some yards beyond him, preparing to renew his spring, he raised himself on one knee, and taking deliberate aim, fired just as the tiger bounded forward. The ball entered the head between the eyes, penetrated and lodged in the brain, and the tiger fell dead upon his vanquisher, crushing him with his enormous weight, to the earth, and seriously bruising and maiming him.

The whole event passed in much less time than it takes to relate it. The rest of the party, who were not far from the scene of action, hurried to the assistance of their friend, raising him from the ground in a state of insensibility. He was conveyed to the nearest bungalow, where in ten days he so far recovered as to be able to leave his bed, although for months he continued to raise blood from the shock which he had then received.

SAM SLICKS' ESTIMATE OF MARRIAGE.

They said marrying was fun—pretty fun to be sure. When I was a single man the world wagged well enough. It was just like an omnibus—I was a passenger—paid my levy, and had'nt more to do with it than to sit down and care not a button for anything. S'posing the omnibus got upset, well, I walks off and leaves the man to pick up the pieces. But then I takes a wife, and be hanged to me—its all very well for the while; but plaguey like owning an upset omnibus. What did I get by it—how much fun? Why, a jawing old woman, and these squallers.—Mighty different from courting—instead of "yes, my duck," "no, my dear," "as you please, honey," and "when you like, lovey," like what it was in courting time, its a reg'lar row. Sour looks and cold potatoe—children and table cloths badly off for soap, always darning and mending, and nothing ever darned or mended. If it was'nt that I am particularly sober, I'd be inclined to drink. My house ain't my own—my money ain't my own. I belong to four people besides myself—the old woman and three children. I'm a partnership concern, and so many have got their fingers in that I must burst up. I'll break and sign over the trade to you."

COUNT BRADISH, (GEN. ELIOVTCH,) so celebrated in Philadelphia, and other sections of this country for his plausibility and skill in the adroit art of humbugging the natives, has been missing for a considerable time; but we felt assured that genius such as his, was too buoyant long to remain in obscurity, and that he would soon come up from the dive like a duck, with unrumpled feather. The following paragraph proves that we were not mistaken—the Boston Transcript furnishing the information, as to the whereabouts of this illustrious swindler, who has gone through many adventures since volunteered to capture the "long, low, black schooner,' and became sea sick in the expedition.

"COUNT ELIOVITCH alias BRADISH.—This personage has recently obtained a more distinguished notoriety, than he gained in his Maine campaign, having been seized by the English Consul at Cadiz for absconding with the luggage of an English traveling party. This adventurer, under the assumed name of Gen. Bradish of the United States Aamy, enjoyed the hospitality of an English gentleman, at his country seat; this kindness he repaid, by making off with the baggage of the family pleasure party, which he had also joyned by invitation."

The Free Press extracts comfort and consolation from Mr Calhoun's letter, because it dose not declare for Mr Clay. Certainly, no politician in his senses, ever expected that he would do this; but he does declare in effect, though not in direct words, that in a contest between Mr Clay and Mr Van Buren, he will remain an inactive and indifferent spectator. If the Free Press can find this any help for Van Buren, he can do what the Laputa philosopher failed to do—*extract sunshine from cucumbers.—Daily Advertiser*

REBELLION.—The Baltimore American publishes the following extract of a letter from Hartford county, Maryland, showing how the tax collector is receivd there:

"A few days ago, when the Collector a tempted to sell some property in the infected district, he was forcibly stopped. Written notices were stuck up threatening violence to any one who should dare to bid. The Collector attempted to do his duty, and a resolute individual bid for the property. A mob of some fifty men immediately rushed upon him and the cry was—"*kill him, kill him, kill him!*" One attempted to dash out his brains with a large stone, and another to strike at him with a bludgeon. He managed to escape, & was chased from the ground —The Collector dare not attempt to do his duty, and the law is now set at defiance, and a portion of Hartford is in open rebellion. I understand that application has been made to the Executive for the protection of armed force."

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady to a rather elderly bahelor friend. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you havn't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

"Black or green tea, sir!" said a waiter at a public table, to a live Yankee. "Any color!" was the reply.